

Fair beheld, without jealousy, the gift which had been bestowed on her sister, pleased to think that she should be a queen.

All of a sudden she heard the noise of the feet of horses, and coming to the door to look out, a king saw her, and fell so violently in love with her, that he immediately married her. Fair, being now a queen, said to her sister Blooming, you shall no longer be a farmer; come along with me, and I will marry you to a great lord.

I am very much obliged to you, sister, answered Blooming, but I am used to a country life, and am unwilling to change it for any other. Well, queen Fair departed, and was so well satisfied with her new way of life, that for several nights she could not sleep for joy.

For a few months she was so taken up with grandeur, balls, and plays, that she thought of nothing else; but, after a short time, a continual round of diversions began to pall, and vexation took its place. All the

the ladies of the court paid her of respect before her face; since they said, Bless me, that awkward country wench should be queen! the king has exceeded to marry such a woman as this. Conversation came to the king, thought he had done a foolish thing by Fair; and as the violence of his passion very much abated, he soon treated her with contempt.

Poor Fair was ready to die, and she grew so pale and thin, that the body pitied her. She had been a queen for three years, during which time she had been a queen, because she thought it to be a great dishonour for a distinction to visit a poor man. Finding herself overwhelmed with choly, she resolved to go, a few days in the country to divert herself. She asked the king's permission, and he granted it, because he thought by that means rid himself of her for some time.